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THE

Age of Gold

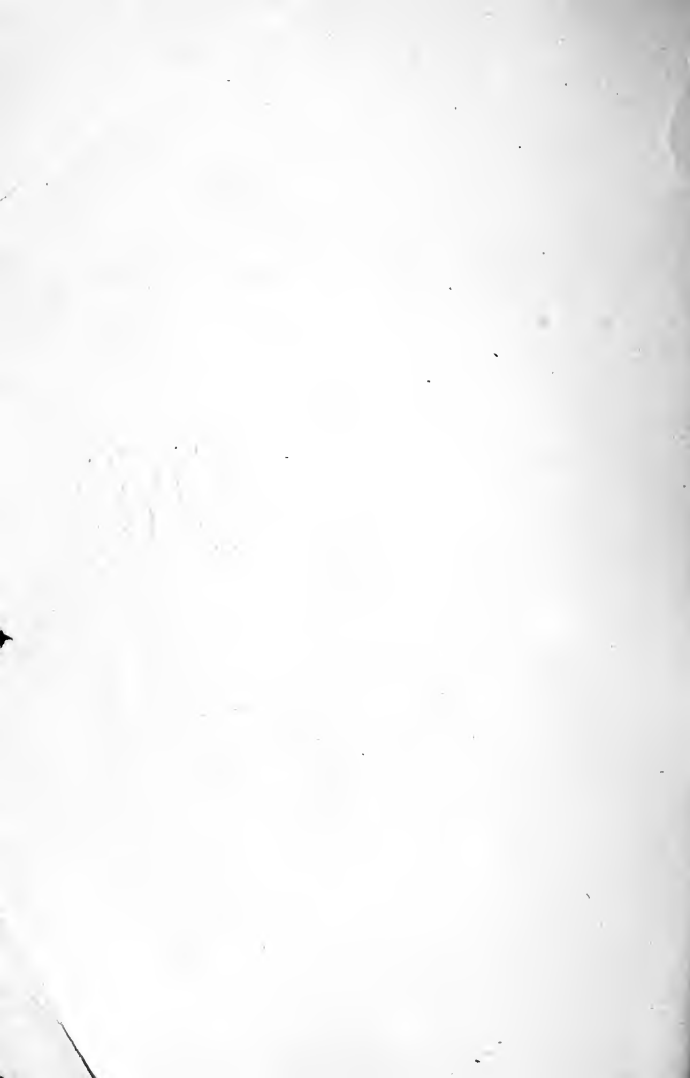
... BY ...

J. E. KELLEY,

...WITH NOTES...

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NEW YORK :
JAMES M. PRYSE,
1899.



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FOREWORD.

In presenting this little book to the public it may be unnecessary to say that literary distinction was not among the prevailing motives which caused it to be written. Yet, while the author makes no claim to enrollment among the litterateurs of the age, his constant aim has been to present the thoughts herein contained in such form as to render the work acceptable in some degree, even from a literary standpoint. To what extent this has been accomplished must be left for its readers, if any there may be, to determine. However, the very nature of satire precludes an attempt to reach the higher and more pleasing forms of poetical composition, even if such had been within the limits of the author's attainments. Its legitimate province is to ridicule folly and to lash vice; to penetrate the veil of hypocrisy that too often hides beneath its gauzy folds the most hideous debauchery and moral turpitude.

The clumsy ruffian who uses a bludgeon in the street is capable of doing but little harm, because his actions are always open to the public gaze and he is accordingly sure to meet such condemnation and punishment as his conduct merits. But the man who draws the cloak of respectability about him, and assumes an air of superfine piety whilst daily performing acts which from their occult nature cannot readily be detected, and which by their far-reaching influence bring untold miseries upon his fellow-man, is the one to be watched and feared. This, then, is the class whom I have assailed. Men who obtained exalted positions by the making of fair promises; but who, after they were safely in possession of the desired object, regarded common humanity only as legitimate stepping-stones to be used as the will or

caprice might direct in reaching the goal of their ambitions.

If by this work I succeed, even though it be in a very limited measure, in assisting to call public attention to the evil influences of men and measures which are now bearing heavily upon a very large and worthy class of citizens of the republic, I shall feel amply repaid for my undertaking. On the other hand, I disclaim any intention of malice or revenge. While I have felt called upon to deal in personalities to some extent, persons have been referred to only in their public careers, and never as to their private characters, or in matters in which the public were not interested.

So far as the style is concerned, indeed, it may be stated that verse was selected for this composition not because of any literary excellence that might result from its use, but because, in the estimation of the author, it affords a much easier means of condensing thought than prose, and while its points may be sharper, it is less liable to lacerate in its application.

As to the charge that may be made, and which has already been made against the first, the private edition, that I have attacked religion, my answer is that I have not attacked religion, but the lack of it, in those often making the loudest claims in its profession. Few persons have more respect for true religious piety than the author, or more contempt for the hypocrite who hides his true character beneath the cloak of sanctity. Against the former I wage no war; as to the latter, I consider it the duty of every good citizen and Christian to expose false pretense when opportunities present themselves. And, lastly, if I have attacked men in high official positions, it is because of their perfidious treachery and the evils that come to common humanity as a result.

Flandreau, South Dakota.

J. E. KELLEY.

PREFACE.

Let war's red flame a peaceful land invade,
Let fiends complete the wreck that war has made;
Let demons fell its every action guide,
Let friends prove false and conquering foes deride;
But still more cursed is the unhappy land,
That prostrate lies beneath its own foul hand;
Whose opiate draughts that paralyze the will
And daze the mind, it did itself distill;
That rests serene beneath a magic spell,
Whose deep delusion fondles but to fell;
And thus in revelry sinks down to earth,
Close to the verge where earthquakes have their
 birth.

O, mortal! even now behold the dyes
Whose shadows cloud your own congenial skies;
And if you still retain a steady glance,
The rest will yet appear as we advance,
And as the curtain folds are swung on high,
Approach and view it with the naked eye.
And to the firm of heart, a word with you,
Who know what wrongs exist, and feel them too;
Yes, you; ye favored ones, to whom 'tis given,
To see the depths that lie 'twixt hell and heaven;
Whose vision still undimmed can boldly scan
Alike the good and evil deeds of man;
'Tis yours to judge of what I picture here,
To say if this be true or that severe;
To pass upon the whole in calm review,
And judgment give as justice deems it due.

THE AUTHOR.

Flandreau, S. D., January 2, 1899.

PRELUDE.

When God's creative fiat did ordain
The universe—the purpose, it is plain,
As searchingly this mundane sphere we scan—
The highest order of the work was man,
A being raised to heaven's infinite state,
Of earth's unnumbered hosts, proud potentate.
And thou bright firmament, thou star-lit night,
With glorious orbs that roll in endless flight,
Thou shalt dissolve like glistening drops of dew,
Till myriad suns and worlds take birth anew;
But indestructible still man shall be
Endowed to live in immortality.
Thou being strange! thou still of unsolved fate;
Thou, like the sea, so fathomless and great!
Thy thoughts as boundless are; the depths of night
Unfold to thee; yon starry isles of light
Thou measurest, and as each disappears,
Its course thou dost survey through unborn years.
Yet what art thou thus deemed of heavenly birth?
What hand with devastation fills the earth
And dims bright lives on which God's sunshine bent?
Is this as nature planned? its true intent?
Fix, you who can, within the bounds of space,
The true relations of this Godlike race,
This high-born monarch of the land and sea,
Earth's link with heaven, approaching deity!

THE AGE OF GOLD.

"In all the honest censures I have brought,
I have but freely uttered what I thought;
And those who claim I hold the rod too high,
Even they in secret think the same as I."

—Boileau.

PART FIRST.

Here by Potomac's dark expansive breast,
Where sacred memories, long forgotten, rest;
I pause beside the scenes I still hold dear,
Attend to what I see and what I hear;
I pause to contemplate the lofty plan,
This splendid project in the cause of man.
'Twas here, amidst the scenes beneath my eyes,
The world astounded first saw man arise,
Cast off the deadly weight of centuries past,
And stand before the world supreme at last.
Yes here, removed from every vicious snare,
Which time accumulates and man is heir;
Where nature scattered with a lavish hand
Her rarest gems profusely o'er the land;
Where attributes divine to men were given,
To raise the plane of earth still nearer heaven;
And every element as one combined
To crown with happiness, and bless mankind.

Oh, scenes delightful! first of nature's choice,
Where angels might endure and men rejoice;
Where first creation gave to mortal view
An earthly gem in full ethereal hue;
So grand, so beautiful to eye and ear,

That e'en the nymphs of heaven might linger here,
Combining all in one harmonious plan,
To crown at length as blest unhappy man.
But is it thus? Nay, mortal, dream no more;
Go view the scenes along Atlantic's shore;
Where cities flourish and where men decline,
Where wealth accumulates and hearts repine;
Where trade's proud monarchs hold majestic sway,
And servile statesmen tremblingly obey;
Where pliant knaves proclaim in tones of awe
The sacred purpose of each bribe-passed law;
Where monstrous wrong in tinselled garb arrayed;
In triumph o'er the land walks undismayed;
Pollutes the social frame, pervades the air,
Till even nature's self seems outraged there.

Remembered patriots, ye statesmen past,
Who fondly turned your eyes and looked your last;
Whose silent lips breathed prayers till closed in
death,
Whose country claimed your cares till parting
breath;
Who saw beside Potomac's widening stream,
A future glory in its morning gleam;
Who saw a grateful world in homage bow
Before Columbia's bright and spotless brow;
And who had hopes that man could still be just,
When freed from his fell dower of ancient lust;
Where all life's cruel wrongs at length should cease,
And man at last could live and die in peace:
Ah, visions born to fade!—deceptive dreams,
False light, whose glories shed no chastening beams;
Why bid the sons of earth to hopes aspire,

Ordained for beings blest and realms far higher?
Why tempt proud man to view ethereal light,
Thus feeling hell, with heaven revealed to sight?
Could not the failures of mankind before
Teach the aspiring soul to hope no more?
Behold yon polished domes whose towers rise,
Adorn the land and glorify the skies;
Whose pealing bells but agitate the air,
And mock the crowds that once they called to prayer;
Where learned men with calm presumption trace
Bright whirling worlds and suns through heavenly
space,
And prove that all who reach that happy sphere,
Must undergo a short damnation here;
Must feel the common curse, the lot of all,
And share, as mortals, Adam's primal fall.

Such is religion now, aye, such 'tis made,
As bends to each device of varying trade;
Deadens the conscience and congeals the heart,
And sinks by slow degrees to polished art,
Yes, such it is, unlike that blissful hour,
Ere man man's weakness learned, or gold its power;
Ere yet this land of usurers could trace
One veteran chieftain of that Godless race;
That race decreed by fate's unerring aim
To love no country and no flag to claim.

"Oh, God!" the mother cried, pressing her lips to the cold brow of the baby, hungry no more. "Baby, why did you leave me, you poor, poor little thing?"

A woman in black, standing beside her, said: "She asked for help, but the relief people did not send it to her. Her husband is a good man, but he has no work. Mrs. Linskey needs food."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Grim Shylock's heirs to all his instincts true,
Who to his time-proof plans add touches new;
And by sharp instruments through man can draw
From earth its sustenance, by terms of law;
Who know not heaven nor hell, nor time nor space,
Nor care if nations fall or hold in place;
Dead to all virtues by which mortals claim
A binding link to Heaven's eternal flame!

This is the sort of men, yes, such as these,
Whom statesmen serve and churchmen learn to
 please;
Who donate princely to the common weal,
As public requisites to what they steal;
Trained financiers, who cash exchange for wares,
Alike, if purchasing champagne or prayers;
Who seek religion but its power to gain,
As burdened beasts serve best when held in rein.
Oh, Christian faith! how once I loved thy grace,
Unsullied as the realms of virgin space;
Whilst thou wert free to guide the soul aright,
From earthly darkness to ethereal light;
And even now from thee I sadly part,
Whom many a former tie bound to my heart;
Yet, as the stern command I thus obey,
I but advance where justice leads the way;
And sternly now I thrust the veil aside,
Which shelters wrong and is with knaves allied;
That veil which hides beneath its magic fold,
The all-pervading powers of guilty gold;
Those powers which o'er the world their shadows
 cast,
That dim the present and debased the past.

And thou, hypocrisy, so warm to embrace,
Disguised usurper on the throne of grace;
As sure to please the soul as to betray
The loveliest nymph of heaven's divinest ray;
That lurks beneath the plain of open strife,
And rankles through the veins of social life;
What monstrous schemes each new-born day pre-
pares,
While Hanna kneels and Morgan leads in prayers;
And all the merry Wall Street hosts combine
To worship Mammon at a Christian shrine!

Could all the deeds of ages gone before,
The dreams of lust, or Shylock's plans for more,
Surpass in perfidy this modern plan,
That kneels to Mammon and despises man?
Had George the Third remained in substance still,
Had Washington and Greene performed his will;
Had Henry's eloquence and wit combined
As earthly agents to subdue mankind,
Had all united in one vital blow,
Could all have sunk to depths so vile and low?
Ah no, Columbia, not a world combined
Could thus destroy thy nobleness of mind;
Had not the hands thou trusted proved untrue,
And in a treacherous hour consented too.

"If we reformers can find no basis of agreement as to what is to be done, while the industry and the moral well-being of the entire nation are massacred by a single trust, then Nero fiddling while Rome burned is a paragon of innocence in comparison with ourselves. The fury of the reckoning may tear all our programmes to shreds and the people be saved by fire and suffering unspeakable."—*Professor Herron, Dec. 15, 1898.*

J. Pierpont Morgan is at the head of the trust referred to.

O, Liberty! that child thou gavest birth,
When first thou deign'dst to stoop from heaven to
earth;
And nursed by elements, thou madest free,
Should wander now estranged, unknown by thee;
Yea, on that youthful brow e'en now appears
The settled vices of a thousand years!

Yet such the means upon which wrong relies,
To warp the judgment and deceive the eyes;
Arrayed in all the innocence of youth,
Each aged falsehood seems a giant truth;
Invades the pulpit, and perverts the stage,
In all the flourish of this maddening age;
Till all new triumphs won new hopes inspire,
Conceived in sin and fed by self-desire.
Where then, alas, O truth! where shall we go?
Since cognate streams alternate rise and flow,
Alike from Christian and agnostic source,
And spread a leaven o'er each deadly course.
Could not the sacredness of creeds combined
Preserve religion from this monstrous kind?
From hypocrites who siren-like entice,
And sing of virtue but to shelter vice?
But say, have Christians sunk to depths so low
That none are found to stay the withering blow?
Arise, ye churchmen, ye brave pulpiteers;
Ye veteran guardians of those heavenly spheres;
Is he religious, such as here bestows
The sceptre's power upon religion's foes?
Can pious minds a double course pursue,
Bow to the shrine of Christ and Mammon too?

Ye sacred souls, with every grace veneered,
 Kneel to that brazen god which greed has reared;
 Nor dare to breathe the name religion here,
 That to mankind of yore was doubly dear.
 Enough that hellish schemes you calmly view,
 Which rob the many to enrich the few;
 Which give to princely wealth its ill-gained store,
 While outraged labor pleads from door to door.
 Ordained, you say, that thus the world should be?
 That rich and poor, of high and low degree,
 Each one but meets the measure of his state,
 By nature sanctioned and decreed by fate?
 No, no! believe not that a world so true,
 From glowing sunburst to a drop of dew,
 Was thus conceived by heaven in fierce intent,
 A place of misery and punishment.
 As well might Satan claim—with equal grace—
 To him all-ruling God resigned his place;
 Transformed creation till from heaven fell
 The withering essence of eternal hell,
 As thus to say this depth of human woe
 Could from a cause designed by nature flow.
 'Tis man, not nature, from which barriers rise,

Lord Bryon:

Was it not so, great Locke? and greater Bacon?
 Great Socrates? And thou Diviner still,
 Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,
 And thy poor creed made sanction of all ill?

As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say that I mean by "Diviner still," Christ. If ever God is man—or man God—he is both. I never arraigned his creed, but the use or abuse made of it. Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction negro slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in reply.

That hide the sunshine and congeal the skies;
Reversed the order till those isles of light
Rain down the shadows of Plutonian night;—
O, mortal thing, of self-consuming fires,
That flashes for an instant and expires!

But still I pause before I turn the page
To other glories of this Christian age;
This humble tribute to pronounce on you,
Who preach religion in its precepts true;
Yes, you who stand for justice and for right;
Who hurl defiance in the face of might,
The weak's defenders, the inveterate foes
Of all the baneful arts these times disclose;
Your names shall live upon the loftiest height,
When creeds and dogmas shall have sunk from
sight;
When light shall darkness from the world dispel,
When truth returns and falsehood bids farewell;
When man to man as brothers true shall be,
And right shall reign and all the world be free.

Rev. Thomas Ducey:

With the blessing of God, the day is not far distant, I believe, when the rights of the masses will be the battle-cry of every true minister of the Christian faith. I trust that what I have said, and the authorities I have quoted, will cause other men in the Catholic clergy to immediately join me in my fight against wrong, injustice, oppression, and all those other evils which press heavily upon the multitudes.

PART SECOND.

O, proud Columbia! patriots blessed the hour
When first thy star attained meridian power,
Rose to the zenith in the world's new time,
And flashed across the globe a ray sublime!
The quickening pulse of all mankind then rose
From parched Equator to the Arctic snows;
And from the Occident to the Orient bowers,
The throbbing world with one acclaim was ours;
The world which saw our hallowed emblem rise
From freedom's mountains to eternal skies!

Alas, alas! how changed the aspect now—
Behold distress upon a once fair brow;
The fretted brain, the nervous, weary frame,
The flash of virtue and the blush of shame;
The soul's high impulse trampled in the dust—
A dreadful judgment, yet a judgment just;
The spectral vision of a soul once free,
In bondage writhing by its own decree;
The drooping eyelid, and the heart within,
That beats and burns, and yet resigns to sin.
All this, nay more, nor tongue nor pen reveals
One glimpse of what the soul in anguish feels;—
A maid unsullied as the morning ray,
And wooed by him who wins but to betray;
Her false seducer clasps her to his arms,
Extols her virtues and portrays her charms;
Imprints upon her lips the burning kiss,
To seal the future in connubial bliss;
Till all too late her sanguine nature feels

The horrors of the fate which truth reveals;
But he, false one, no more in mask arrayed,
But makes his terms, and has his terms obeyed;
While his poor victim, now all undeceived,
Belied by many and by few believed,
Her steps retracing childhood scenes to view,
And with her former friends fond ties renew.
Maiden, alas! who on false hopes relied,
Betrayed by tempter and by friends denied;
She falters—but the lost what can restore?
She sinks—and rises to the world no more!

Columbia, such thy guardians, even these,
Who woo and win, and taint by slow degrees;
Declare affection with a Judas kiss,
And plan destruction while they talk of bliss;
Those monstrous hybrids, of the hellish kind,
Human in form and hideous ghouls in mind;
Adepts in vice and skilled in magic arts,
Prayers on their lips, and poison in their hearts:
These fell destroyers, who usurp all power,
Who rule and ruin, for the passing hour;
Who work the miseries of human kind,
To pleadings deaf, and to presentments blind;
In temperament serene, in tones precise,
Declare for virtue while they practise vice;—

Congressman Amos Cummings:

"Wealth now raises its brazen front to terrify all who venture to question its supremacy. Want, if it does not obey its mandate, is threatened with greater want. Destruction, humiliation, and finally death follow in its wake. Millions in a day made by a government pawnbroker is hailed as a great achievement, while honest wages are deplored as an intolerable burden upon the savings of the pawnbroker."

To such we bow ; and Heaven alone can know
How thou in fathomless depths hast fallen so low !

O, for a Jackson ! if but for an hour,
To hurl corruption from its vested power ;
Strike down those vampires, who with despot hand,
Spread vice and ruin o'er a happy land,
And wave that starry flag from sea to sea,
Above a land fore'er content and free !
And are there none to raise the standard now
Among the trophies on Columbia's brow ?
Can none be found to check bold Mammon's sway ?
Have truth and right and manhood passed away ?
Arise, ye sons of long-forgotten sires,
Ere yet your birthright with a groan expires !
Expose the baseness of bold Shylock's reign,
And prove that patriots have not lived in vain ;
Tear off that flimsy mask of gilded grace,
That veils hypocrisy's foul, awful face ;
And teach the world that truth, however frail,
Shall over gilded falsehood still prevail.

Behold the statesmen who strut forth to-day,
So finely moulded, yet how base the clay !
Compare McKinley with our statesmen past,
Can he with Jackson or Monroe be classed ?
As well call eagles from their lofty flight,
To mate with owls and hoot the livelong night ;
Or claim the lavas of Vesuvius flowed
From yonder knoll that stands across the road ;
As place McKinley by a statesman's side,
Whose courage triumphed, who on truth relied.
True, statesmen of to-day require no skill,

Nor wit nor wisdom, fortitude or will;
Just sense enough a minor part to play,
Look wise or solemn, sorrowful or gay,
Just as required, as farce can sometimes be
Played to the limits of a wide degree;
The stars, of course, the leading parts control,
Make up behind the scenes, and guide the whole;
The audience look on—most wondrous wise!
Applauds each actor to the vaulted skies;
Yes, hails each new device with solemn awe,
And gives each trick the binding force of law.

O, wondrous plan! complete in every part
That blurs the vision or betrays the heart;
From either source the same result must flow,
For statesmanship to knaves or fools to go.
Observe the mighty and the weak obey
The stern commands of Hanna's magic sway!
Alike the vampires and the victims boast;
The robbed and robbers form one joyous host;
Proclaim him great, prolong the glad refrain,
Declare him chieftain of the gold-bug train.
Ye gods! what wonders now bedim our eyes,
Since Hanna as a statesman cleaves the skies?
Assumes the toga once which Thurman wore,
Where Webster sat and Hayne in days of yore.

(Extract from President McKinley's message to Congress
upon the sinking of the "Maine.")

"I have directed that the finding of the Court of Inquiry and the views of this Government thereon be communicated to the government of her majesty the Queen, and I do not permit myself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation will dictate a course of action suggested by honor and friendly relations of the two governments."

O, Hanna! Hanna! from the scene depart;
Let not that flattering dream delude your heart,
Nor tempt Dame Fortune, in an adverse hour,
To prove thy frailties and to blast thy power.
Return, I pray you, to the scenes again,
Where first you triumphed o'er your fellow men;
Nor hazard thus your fame within that zone,
So true, so bright, complete and all your own.
Make sure the ground ere yet you venture o'er
Those paths unknown, untrod by such before;
Be true to instinct and survey the field,
Ere you, by one rash act, those glories yield.
Not less a hero he who holds his head,
Than he who strews the ground with valiant
 dead;
Preserve thy prestige, man of might and main—
While servile men submit and dollars reign—
Take heed while yet those laurels deck thy brow,
Nor think a wild Cassandra warns thee now.
But still aspiring to a statesman's part,
Though spoiled by nature and untaught by art;
There are those features on which all agree:
While Mammon rules, that ruler thou shouldst be.
Thou most decisive of the Wall Street clan,
In mind resourceful and unique in plan;
Nor doubtful balances of wrong or right
Disturb the measure of thy soul's delight.
Proceed, then, Hanna, to apply thy rules,
The classic precepts of satanic schools;
Those schools by thee extolled in maddening rage,
Though shunned by patriot, denounced by sage;
Whose foul philosophy pollutes the mind,
And spreads a burning taint o'er all mankind.

O, age of wonders! though to ponderous size
Those new-hatched schemes to full proportions rise;
Now Rothschilds and McCook their innings take,
The world applauds, while nations form the stake;
The game proceeds—behold the startling trick,
How apt the gamesters play the “golden brick;”
While sly McKinley can with magic lore,
All truth despise and every wrong deplore;
Explain all subjects and conceal all facts,
Deny by language what he proves by acts.
Him let all lovers of the peace commend,
A foe to bullets, yet to bonds a friend;
In peace he counselled Cuba to remain—
Yes, e’en the monstrous peace enforced by Spain!

Behold the crew that fill each White-house nook!
Quay, Hanna, Elkins and the meek McCook;
That godless band of boodlers who can see
But dollar marks on all eternity;
Who thirst for wealth, as cannibals for gore,
Whose souls one passion yield—to swell their store;
Who view the lands of vanquished Spain to find
What flame and sword and rapine left behind;—
Still, still Cain’s deadly curse glares from its place
In full perfection o’er that hapless race!

From the *Army and Navy Register*:

The crime of February 15—and it stands forth as the crime of the century which is closing—is the issue which concerns this country first and foremost in its dealings with the Spanish government. Any attempt to shelve it is a lasting disgrace, and further effort to deal with the subject in terms which appeal to Spanish honesty and justice and conscience is criminal folly.

(See extract from President’s message upon the sinking of the “Maine” on page 18.)

O fiends incarnate! ply your hellish trade,
Fit followers of Spain's red reeking blade;
Or yet, more shocking still, if such can be,
The awful scourge of Weyler's foul decree;
Proceed, ye harpy-like, and glut your greed
Upon that ghastly field where vultures feed!

But shall we thus obey, and always bow
Before such men as rule this nation now?
Stand sponsor for their deeds, or yet believe
Thieves, thugs and gamblers who themselves de-
ceive?

Support each party hack whose soul is cursed
By every vice which hell in turn has nursed?
Who platforms make, as fishermen their nets,
To catch the suckers—and to pay their debts:
Believe not thus, not all their gilded show
Should long restrain the dread impending blow;
Nor all the power usurped 'neath yonder dome
Shall rear beneath that flag a second Rome!

PART THIRD.

I stood within a city, shut from view,
Where stately outlines dusky shadows threw;
And 'neath the glimmer of electric glow,
I saw sad pallid faces come and go.
I viewed their thin-clad forms, their keen intent,
Contending fiercely as they swayed and bent
Against a furious storm. Snow filled the air,
The marble walls alone looked calm and fair,
The far-off murmur of the advancing surge

A deep refrain sang to the storm-king's dirge.
There was a charm unreal in the scene,
As things of which we read, that once had been;
Each high fantastic ledge still rose on ledge,
As if 'twere sculptured by the storm's keen edge.
The city was transformed. Great columns reared
Their towering heads, and here and there appeared
White phantom forms—a warning of the night;
And even there in that array of might
Did nature sport with man, made visible
By gewgaws wrought, and forms so beautiful.
I stood there, all unconscious for the time,
Entranced, as 'twere, by visions most sublime;
A panorama seemed to pass, and there
Appeared to me beneath the brilliant glare
Of light, as back the clouds of centuries rolled,
The world in pantomime, the great of old.
I saw their palaces before me rise,
Their polished domes rose towering to the skies;
Their banquet-halls and banqueters were there,
The proud patrician and the gay and fair:
Yes, Cæsar, Cicero—the immortals! all
Who Rome exalted, and who wrought its fall;
The poor, by tyranny soul-burdened, bent,
Hearts sunk to desperation, wrung and rent!
Proud armies marched o'er many a blood-stained
field,
Where men like falling grain their lives did yield;
Yet every age seemed to repeat the last,
And wrong held boundless sway o'er all the past.
Thus unperceived I viewed for one brief hour
Fame's emptiness, man and his earthly dower.
It was a sight most strange at such a time—

What could it mean in this our age and clime?
Their triumphs and their joys, the tears they wept,
With them, for centuries, in peace have slept;
Their hoary battlements time swept away,
Of them the good alone survives their day.

The storm had ceased. The night was now far gone,
And o'er the scene the moon serenely shone;
The winds were still, and all was calm as death,
And Heaven's bright stars looked down on all beneath;

The multitude I saw at eve had fled,
And seemingly it was a city of the dead.
No movement was apparent now; but snows
From Arctic worlds held magic sway, and rose
In forms sublime—the art of nature's hand.
'Twas like a field of statuary grand
As any dream of art. When near I drew
To scan more closely one, there to my view
A human face and form forlorn appeared;
Where stately buildings heavenward were reared,
And there in quest of shelter from the night,
The weary footsteps ceased, the soul took flight!

The form was woman's, but no longer now
In bloom of youth, for on that placid brow,
Still fair in death, was time's unerring trace;
But time nor fate not wholly could deface
The beauty God had given her. If pain
Was measured out to her no trace was seen,
Save premature she seemed in age. What were
Her thoughts in that dread hour of bleak despair,
The grave still holds a secret—but 'tis known

She stood amidst the storm serene, alone ;
Nor mark of inward strife or grief was there,
But resignation's calm, the quiet air
Of one who saw beyond the grave surcease
Of all earth's cares and woes—a soul at peace.
You ask what was the past? who had she been?
I only know her garments, worn and thin,
Bespoke a need remorseless, and thus driven
Far ventured out. Her eyes upraised to heaven
There showed that she had felt the tyrant's rod,
And what the world denied she asked of God.
The night watch now his weary round pursued,
And found the lifeless waif—when next I viewed
Where lay the human statue, it was gone—
Death gave a home, though living she had none.
Upon my mind the scene was so impressed
With such deep sense of wrong, it could suggest
But dreams fantastic, woven by despair.
What monster's hand could such a fate prepare,
Let, time, the avenger of all wrongs, declare.

I passed in contemplation from the place,
For much I saw and felt in that brief space ;
But so engrossed my mind was by the sight
Which met my eyes, the scenes of that dread night
Were like a phantasm, and I seemed to feel
A sense of apprehension—all was real ;
That which I saw about me was the same
As in the olden time—the sin and shame :
So woebegone appeared the hapless lot
Of many, they seemed by heaven and man forgot !
My course I then pursued past square and park,
(For this was the great city of New York.)

And music then I heard, as from afar,
And light auroral dimmed the morning star.
My memory then recalled what had been told
Of banquet offerings to "the Age of Gold;"
And now approaching near, I entered there,
Unseen at this late hour, and unaware.

Within the hall where viands rich were spread,
The splendors of fantastic worlds were shed,
All beauteous and bright; the depths of joy,
The ecstasies of bliss; nor to annoy
The guests no wayward thought of those outside
Intruded, and none other there unbid
Approached to mar the flow of pleasure. There
The nation's chief sat as a banqueter,
Discoursing artfully, with aspect bland,
Each phrase to please his hearers nicely planned.
But those, whom first I saw at early eve,
Not then were found, nor seemed they to believe
Or understand its import. They appeared
As of a strange race, bred as if they feared

National Watchman:

On January 27, 1898, President McKinley attended a dinner in New York City, at a \$10,000,000 hotel, and the dinner cost \$15,000—one hundred dollars a plate. It was given by a number of men representing nine billion dollars. The President came from Washington expressly for the purpose of making a speech at this feast.—"They drank wine and praised the gods of gold."—*Daniel*, v. 4.

In his speech the President made this remarkable declaration: "Whatever may the language of the contract, the United States will discharge its obligations in the currency recognized as the best throughout the civilized world at the time of payment," meaning thereby gold.

On March 4, last, on the platform of the east front of the Capitol, President McKinley, in the presence of the American

E'en those true friends who had espoused their
part—

A feeling born of wrongs, grief's cruel smart,
The melancholy sinking of the heart!

The early hours had come, the speakers prosed,
And as I left that gilded hall and closed
The doors upon the gorgeous scene, I met
An aged bard, of aspect strange; regret
Was pictured on his face, but his brow burned
With indignation long suppressed. I turned
Unconsciously, as if by unknown power,
At his approach; for at this lonely hour
A meeting thus occasioned much surprise.
He seemed no mortal being, and his eyes
Beamed with a radiance of celestial fire;
His form of towering height, and his attire
The strangest I have ever seen. More near
As he advanced, he looked an ancient seer
Returned, of ages gone. His powers of sight
Were such he read the mysteries of the night;
His vision had surveyed far in the past,
And through futurity—time's coming blast!
From whence this strange bard came I cannot say,

people, with one hand uplifted to high heaven and the other on the Bible, took the oath to execute the laws of the United States.

He is now willing to violate the laws of the land and solemn contracts, as he plainly states above, to satisfy the greed of the bondholders. This feast was recognized by all as the money changers' celebration of the final sway of the gold standard, by which silver was stricken down as standard money, the power of money accordingly increased, and every thing else decreased in a corresponding ratio.

But you may read the burden of his lay,
For thus he sang, that bard so old and grey:

I stood upon Columbia's shore,
Upon its rugged rock-bound coasts,
And here I deemed that bonds no more
Should hold enthralled the captive hosts:
I saw the shackles one by one
Fall from their limbs till all were gone.

I saw the emblem of the free
Spread out its folds from mountain height,
I've seen it sink by slow degree
Till now its folds are wrapped in night.
That glorious halo lingering yet
Is like the glow when sun has set.

Where are the patriots once that rose
And drove the oppressor from the land?
Nor hireling slaves nor despot foes,
But quailed before that valiant band;—
A fading storied diadem
Is all that now remains of them!

And who are those whose loud huzzas
Now fill the air with godless glee?
Are these the men who make your laws?
Sons of a land that once was free!
What impious hand or foul desire
Has damped your soul's bright' radiant fire?

See yonder lights' transcendent glare!
From north and south and west and east,

The chosen came, and rich and rare
There spreads a new Belshazzar's feast!
And all the pomp and power of old
Blaze forth increased a thousand fold.

The depths of joy, the flush of wine,
And strains melodious thrill the air;
And beauteous smiles and eyes that shine
Commingle with that pageant fair;
And all the gorgeous tints that rise
Beneath the orient's sun-lit skies.

Ho! lords of wealth, for you each land
Its brightest garlands forth has spread;
While you, with cold and clammy hand,
Have robbed the living and the dead.
The babe a mother's arms caress,
Man's sturdiest form, *your* powers confess.

Your bright lights flash, gay streamers rise,
And sweetest incense fills the air;
Nor man can learn, nor Heaven devise
One radiant jewel wanting there:
Aye, pearls are strewn beneath your feet,—
Behold yon glistening snow-clad street!

Ye ancient vampires of renown!
Your deeds transcendent once decline;
As stars of light seem dimmer grown
When mightier orbs beside them shine:
Your grand achievements of the past
Sink from each fame-lit niche at last.

Convivial souls—your hearts beat high;
Hands meet in transports of delight,
While 'neath the cold and wintry sky
Full many a victim sleeps to-night!
Their scanty means can ill afford
To deck your guilty festal board.

But do ye think the contest done,
You, who thus reap what others sow?
How gaily do ye sport, each one
Robed in a fellow mortal's woe?
While wintry blasts blow chill and gray—
Those weary toilers, where are they?

Ah, where are they? Have ye forgot?
Bold revelling knaves! can ye not see?
Turn from that hell-bent festering spot,
Glance o'er this "land of liberty"—
The very clay on which you tread
A warning whispers from the dead!

Is this the end and aim of all?
For such as this did patriots dare?
For this did noble Warren fall?
And men of peace teach arts of war?
If such your noblest aims fulfill,
Go, raze the shaft from Bunker Hill!

New York World:

Joseph Copeland, an ex-slave, of 226 Sullivan Street, New York City:

"I never liked being a slave, and would not like to be one again, but if I had to take my choice between being a slave again and living like those people I have just seen in New Bedford, I would prefer being a slave again, sure."

Still must we see, as olden time,
Man's loftiest hope hurled from its height.
And each bright morn which rose sublime,
Ere yet its noon, engulfed in night?
And shall ye still such powers obey?
Your fathers brooked no despot sway!

Back, vandals, back! your hellish brood
Can but a coward race defy;
Nor yet your dark designs intrude,
Where men have dared to do and die.
The avenging God, in justice steeled,
Shall yet apply the rod you wield.

Columbia! once upon thy shore,
A heavenly harp sang notes divine;
But all its rapturous songs are o'er,
Thy muse descends, thy bards decline;
No themes Parnassian now inspire,
Mute lies thy harp and dead thy lyre.

Or if they still are sometimes heard,
'Tis but an echo of the past;
No more we hear the gladsome word
In trumpet tones sound to the blast;
Those calloused hearts to such are dead,
Their minds are chilled, their souls have fled!

What now is worth the poet's praise,
Since men have sunk by slow degrees?
Since from the sires of former days
Have come such servile things as these?—
Rise, Sons of Freeman, 'tis the hour,
And crush the giant despot's power!

PART FOURTH.

In all this world of transitory fame,
Where every moment makes or mars a name;
Of all the wonders which our eyes behold,
Conceived in fancy or by poets told;
Through all the ages since the birth of time,
In every county and in every clime,
From Greece to Persia, Carthage to Cathay,
Where tyrants rule in full despotic sway;
Where men supinely bend in abject fear,
Prone and obedient, that realm is here.
Yes, here the godlike man, high on his throne,
With awfulness in look, severe in tone,
Rears high the lowly or hurls down the great,
Disports in joy, or guides the ship of state;
And with each passing day, each fleeting hour,
Adds to his prestige and augments his power.

O, mighty chieftain! what elysian field
Shall next its glories to thy prowess yield?
Already far and wide thy powers prevail,
Those powers usurped, which none has dared assail!
While men the world calls great in suppliance bow,
Before thy firmly set and awful brow;
Implore a kindly look, a smile perchance,
From the proud bearer of that fame-lit glance,
Behold that body, once the people's boast,
Declined till even self-respect is lost!
Where patriot fires bid darkening clouds dispel,
And burning words pronounced by Sumner fell;
Where Adams once prevailed, where Stevens spoke,
Now doomed to bow beneath a tyrant's yoke!

Down, down! ye puppets of usurious trade,
Kneel to a demigod yourselves have made;
Nor dare to breathe the names of statesmen here,
Where freedom weeps and gibbering parrots jeer;
Where laws, like merchandise, are bought for gold,
And canting hypocrites, like slaves, controlled;
Each follows each in one quick round of speed,
At nod or beckon of the mighty Reed.
In him all tyrants and all despots blend,
From him all favors, rights and powers descend;
Unique in tactics and abrupt in rule,
A present wiseacre—a future fool,
Admits no equal, flouts each sect and creed,
Obeys one power alone—the god of greed!
Thus all as one his venal plans pursue,
One aim, one purpose, with one end in view!

Vain-glorious man! So frail, yet so immense
In all things earthly—save in common-sense;
Could not the fate that fell to such before
Teach thee, audacious soul, to try no more?
Beware ere yet you try the daring flight,
Those summits shine afar, they lure the sight;
Behold in Charles how strange the die is cast,
When fate its final note resounds at last;
Through him go seek the truth of former days,
And shun the danger of a tyrant's praise;
Yes, there behold a despot blindly led,
Who gained a nation but to lose his head;
Again beware lest you may thus atone
And raise some Cromwell to a vacant throne.
At best the heights which you can soar the skies
Depend on how dead weight can wingless rise;

Those aerial paths alone by those are trod,
Whose lives of truth and virtue lead to God.
Review again those tales so sadly told,
Time's silent conflict with the vain of old;
And those proud souls who reached fame's loftiest
 flights,
But labored there to fall from those proud heights.

Had nature first decreed one certain plan,
Rules fixed and rigid, in designing man;
Had some been moulded but to wield a spade,
Without the power to know why such was made;
Had but a sacred few the power of brain,
To search the universe or span the main;
Had matter over mind supreme control,
And man were void of conscience, heart and soul;
And what is happening now were in that day,
When tyrants by a right divine held sway;
And thou hadst not been born five centuries late,
Then, thou mightst rule and be forever great!
But living here and now in conscious pride
Of man's endowment of the powers to guide;
And seeing as we do each vaunted chief,
The pliant tool of some gigantic thief;
Those heartless parasites, who right dethrone,
Who darken many lands, and brighten none.
When such as these we see in power and place,

Monthly Magazine, *Money*, New York City, June, 1898:

Has the House of Representatives ceased to be a representative body for the enactment of legislation? Does it register the will of the whole people of the United States, or does it meekly obey a single representative elected from the State of Maine and chosen to preside over the deliberations of the House?

Fell instruments that serve a vandal race;
When such walk forth unmasked in open light,
And boldly swear at last that wrong is right;
All this insures thy swift and fatal fall,
Unwept, unmourned, condemned and cursed by all.

How eloquently mild, how past belief,
Each serf obeys the great uncrownèd chief!
How Sherman bows his head in solemn grace,
And piping Dalzell takes his wonted place;
The good St. Lacey and the gentle Hitt,
Heroic Johnson, who so tries the bit;
The hoary-headed son of Hanna's state,
Who revels in the lap of smiling fate.
Now lordly Dolliver, inclined to soar,
Throws wide the gates and lets his rhetoric pour;
In deathless eloquence regales the House,
And laboring painfully brings forth a mouse!
A new Thersites—so his arrows fly,
Though seldom hit the mark, he aims so high.
To him the task is given to portray
The glories of Tom Reed's majestic sway;
Extol his virtues, stem the flowing tide,
Turn frowns to laughter and turn wrath aside;
Declare each czar-like nod but native grace,
And blindly follow where he leads apace;
An intellect unique, and doubly strong,
And aiming to be right, though always wrong.
Such are the ways his sanguine natures run,
That one to badness leads, and one to fun;
This only common justice holds in view,
That bends the knee to Wall Street's Godless crew;
While each contending strives for full control,

The darker current rules and guides the whole.
And thou, too, Henderson, so fierce in rage,
So brave a soldier, so profound a sage;
A man indeed of most unquestioned skill,
Unique in courage and supreme in will;
So fitly trained, so deft to polish o'er,
And though he cannot reason—he can roar;
Withal so genial—true in thought and deed
To every precept of the reign of Reed.

And Dingley, valiant man, how thrills my heart,
To thus review thy grand and glorious part;
Almost forgotten midst those mighty men,
With all the schedules that 'twas thine to pen.
Transcendent genius! Maine's exalted son,
And second only to that mighty one;
And e'en with him some glory still to share,
As one rules from the floor and one the chair.
August apostle, shielding with his guile
More fools than were depicted by Carlyle;
Whose mighty schemes of tariff now can yield
More bliss than any bright Elysian field,
Aladdin's magic lamp, or Danae's bower
Conferred in that one short deceptive hour:
In pleasing portions which are passed around

Hon. Jonathan P. Dolliver:

My friend complains that the Republicans on this side of the House are under a tyranny and the mastery of one man. It is a little peculiar that we have to go to Missouri for information in respect to the condition of servitude under which we labor, and under which we have labored so many months. It is true we have a leadership in this House, and I for one have very often felt a certain sense of satisfaction that I have possibly not expressed, that we have a leadership.—*Cong. Record, 55th Congress, 2d session, p. 1159.*

To prude and pedant, puerile and profound;
Aye, e'en the low, depraved, and saintly chaste,
To suit the age, the system, sex and taste.
Ye gods! how minds are filled, how hopes expand
In promised blessings from that plastic hand!
How farmers loudly cheer, how merchants rage,
How laborers laud and trusts extol the age,
Till all unite, and in one voice proclaim
Protection as their only end and aim!
Ah, you who bend in toil, each weary life,
That meets but one eternal round of strife;
Who in the winter's storm, the summer's heat,
With toil incessant win the bread you eat:
Behold the product of your labor rise
In polished mansions to the vaulted skies,
Beneath whose sheltering roofs and latticed vines
Each modern Midas slothfully reclines.
Have ye no human feelings? hearts to cheer?
No minds to cultivate? no souls to rear?
Are ye but beasts, doomed to eternal toil
In mine or workshop, or to till the soil
Without due recompense?—a light to give
One cheering ray that bids the soul to live?
Obey your masters as you have before,
Ye dwarfed and shrunken souls! nor here no more
Look for that liberty that once was yours,
While laws unjust the nation now endures;

Farmers' Sentinel:

There is no excuse for shouldering muskets—yet awhile.
So long as men have the right to vote there is no excuse for shooting. If a man does not know enough to vote right, he does not know enough to shoot right. There are about 8,000,000 fools in the United States who do not know enough at present to even vote right, let alone handle a musket.

Bow, like the patient ox, to Mammon's will,
And proudly boast you have protection still!

Next Cannon, game-cock of the furious pit,
Profuse in language, though bereft of wit,
All rules transgresses and all rights ignores;
And hourly trips the can-can as he roars.
A giant intellect—to hold at bay,
Led by conceit, and always led astray;
Yet time has taught e'en him a lesson true,
That "he who wields the lash must feel it too."
O glorious Cannon!—fiercely so by times,—
And thou at length shalt grace my humble rhymes!
That nature formed thee so is truly sad,
So strange a mixture of the good and bad.
But thou art thus, and formed in each so strong,
Not all the powers of hell could hold thee wrong;
Nor yet could all of heaven's celestial light
For even one short hour direct thee right.
What then is left? That heaven alone can tell,
Nor even that, without consulting hell.
Nor Reed, nor Hanna, though in simplest whim,
Could for a moment guide the course of him:
Such are the elements his soul combines
As neither time subdues or man refines;

Rev. DeWitt Talmage:

The greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. It will not be long before there will be no middle classes in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels. The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. Unless there is some radical change, we shall soon have in this country 4,000,000 hungry men and women, and 4,000,000 hungry persons cannot be kept quiet.

Strange combinations of the fiend and sage,
The living wonder of our land and age!

But time forbids, to thus the case pursue,
Just pass along the whole in calm review;
From pompous Boutelle to the smiling Payne,
From Eastern city or from Western plain;
Each one obeys and bows in reverence there,
Before the autocrat who holds the chair.
Ho! honored men, Columbia's boast and pride,
With e'en the pettiest rights at last denied;
Not baser things could Troy's proud captor greet,
Whom gods obeyed, and men bowed at his feet!
Go, servile creatures, go, your day is o'er,
Tame down your lofty pride, and boast no more!
Conform your tempers to the iron heel,
Nor scarcely let yourselves think what you feel;
'Tis yours to follow, not to understand,
As henchmen should obey, and not command;
In judgment be discreet, in action wise,
Take heed of naught that happens 'neath the skies;
Be true to party, swear all truth away,
Make black appear as white, and night as day;
Attend the caucus, bow to Shylock's creed,
Adore Mark Hanna and obey Tom Reed;
Proclaim in solemn tones, in rhetoric grand,
That trusts and combinations bless the land;
Declare McKinley greatest of the great,
And Jackson and Monroe quite out of date;
Be apt in all, trace cunning to its source,
Deny that contracts can have binding force;
Cry down the charge that rich still richer grow,
And swear by Stygian gods 'twas always so;

Distort all truth, from holy writ misquote
To show we've had "the poor" from times remote;
Abuse reformers, as a nation's curse,
Pronounce them anarchists, or something worse;
Regale the world with Gage's spurious lore,
And claim that patriots taught such stuff before;
Dispute established facts, call lying wit,
And use half truths where lying fails to fit;
Hold to these precepts, ye whom Barnum schooled,
That fools will richly pay for being fooled.
To all these hints conform, all rights deny,
Preside as deities o'er public pie!
But here, ye bogus patriots, adieu,
Save one—Mahaney, here is health to you;
One living sentinel, still heard, alone,
One scion standing midst that czar-ruled zone;
Unmoved by fear, and constant to the end,
The truth's defender and the poor man's friend.

But need we legislate? Why such at all,
As legislators, either great or small?
Since judges now we have whose legal skill
Holds codes and constitutions both at will;
And counsellors, so trained to pick a flaw,

Archbishop of Naples:

The social convulsions of our age mean clearly that some great evil has stolen into the heart of our social order. One of the great evils of our modern civilization is the absolute right capital takes to itself. Christian brotherhood is almost disappearing from society, and man is becoming a wolf to his humble brethren in social dealing. Every day we see on one side a few men growing enormously rich without any exertion, and on the other side innumerable workingmen growing poorer, deprived of the necessities of life, and sinking into the depths of the most dreadful misery.

So learned in quibbling, and unlearned in law.
O Marshall, Story, Miller and the rest,
Who quitted life, e'er yet the world was blest
By legal lights who learnedly construe
That those who judge of laws can make them too :
Departed shades ! what pleasure had been thine
To sit with Brewer, and with Fuller shine ?
Consult with Shiras, who from terms of law,
Can new conclusions at each sitting draw.
What former age of wrongs, what dreams of power
Have tyrants cherished in their wildest hour ;
What bold and plundering clan had dared to hope,
Or roving pirate gave such fancies scope ;
As to believe the world in Christ's attire,
Would do with law books what they did with fire ?
Ye stupid clansmen ! ye inferior brains,
Who held your victims with those feudal chains,
What boundless pleasures, what entrancing bliss,
Had crowned your efforts with a plan like this ?
Behold the movements of this modern art !
How grand in structure and complete in part ;
So sure to yield full stores of earthly gain
To every vandal chief that plies the plain,

Congressman Knowles :

Mr. Speaker, it was one said: "There is a divinity that doth hedge about a king." We have changed this old superstition to read: "There is a divinity that doth hedge about a court." I do not believe there is any public officer or any body of such officials who are above criticism, much less are the members of the United States Supreme Court. They are human, and very human. Some of these appointments have been badly tainted by corruption. Jay Gould paid \$50,000 into the Republican campaign fund, in consideration of which his old attorney was appointed to a seat on the supreme bench.

Wherever corporate powers their aims fulfill,
Or court injunctions awe the sovereign will.

"But who will censure what a judge may do?
What! daring scribbler, wilt thou still pursue
The wicked instincts of a wayward pen,
And probe the ermine of those sacred men?"
Methinks I hear some critic thus indict,
As on the virgin page these lines I write.
Ah! trusting mortal, know that Jeffries wore
The purest emblem from the Arctic shore;
And if across the lapse of time you fly
To milder scenes beneath a Western sky,
Where perfumed odors fill the ambient air;
Behold your own Dred Scott decision there!

But thou, most noble state, thou land of Penn,
Alike the first in peace and warlike men;
Let fame's triumphant note sound to the blast,
And rest with thee, forever safe at last;
Forever there let glory's banner wave,
To impel the lowly and inspire the brave!
Yes, Lattimer, dread name, O glorious field!
Let Troy subside and Greece its valor yield;
Let bold Leonidas the crown divide,
And stand with Sheriff Martin side by side.
Illustrious hero of that conquering host!
The law's defender and the trust's proud boast;

Resolutions by a Labor Congress, St. Louis, April 30, 1897:

Our capitalistic class is armed, and has not only policemen, marshals, sheriffs and deputies, but also a regular army and militia, in order to enforce government by injunction, suppressing lawful assemblages, free speech and the right to public highway.

Let Pennsylvania proudly guard thy name,
Her courts and juries sharing equal fame.
O justice travestied! what fell degrees
Of infamy permit such scenes as these?
What false pretense, what monstrous schemes are
 laid,
What honeyed lies, and spurious plays are made,
By law-clothed robbers in their Godless race,
Who raised a buzzard in an eagle's place!
Yet, Pennsylvania, short may be the sway
Beneath whose rule in shame you bow to-day;
Whose banner taints all things o'er which it waves,
And damns alike your justice and your slaves.
Think, think of earlier days, forgotten quite,
When peace and justice rose in one proud flight;
Nor place nor color formed a yawning span,
Dividing mortal from his fellow man.

PART FIFTH.

As tides receding from the pebbled shore,
Disclose the beauties which they hid before;
So fame subsiding gives to public view,
Neglected Cleveland, some fine parts in you;
Some traits whose influence o'er the land is cast,
Like floods still rising from a storm that's past.
Yes, Cleveland, still to place entitled first,
Of all that guilty crew, he is the worst;

At Lattimer, Pennsylvania, December, 1897, twenty-one defenceless men were shot to death by an armed posse under Sheriff Martin for no other offense than walking the highway. The Pennsylvania courts subsequently cleared Martin and his posse.

A man ordained to triumph over time,
And spread a damning fame through every clime.
Behold therein a nation's sure decay,
How statesmanship declined and ebb'd away;
The nation's sins, in consummation grim,
By time condensed and amplified in him.
Aye, man of destiny! though born to rule,
By fools made powerful and by power made fool;
Not thine to choose, thou couldst not be but great,
Designed by nature and decreed by fate:
With hand in training, and with purpose black,
The pliant puppet of the Wall Street pack;
Those demons conscious of their power and skill,
Who feed on bonds or blood or—what they will.
Yet, fatal was the day and ill-advised,
When Buffalo's hero won the goal he prized,
And left those early triumphs, held so dear,
To win new laurels in a new career.
How secret nature must have wept that day,
When Cleveland left those scenes and turned away?
For who could find in all earth's populace
A man of equal mind to fill his place?
Brave conquering chief! though sadly now forgot,
Thy virtues live and glorify the spot
Where once thy dreaded name, inspiring awe,
Made criminals quake and convicts feel the law.
So skilled in art, so deadly to pursue,
Each hapless felon quailed before thy view;
While from that face severe fled withering hope,
To kindlier mercy of the sanguine rope.
Thou man of iron mould! so strongly made,
By nature formed so true in depths of shade;
A mind so broad, so adamant in heart,

So learned in statecraft—and the hangman's art;
All knew thee to be great, a hero born,
Blind to a nation's hate, a whole world's scorn;
In thee those awful sights together dwell,
A gleam of glory 'midst the gloom of hell—
Live, hated thing, condemned and undisguised,
Thy sins forgotten and thyself despised!

But why pass Hobart? He deserves a place.
Did he not run a second in the race?
Yes, wily Hobart, Jersey's boast and pride,
The trust-made statesman and the ticker's guide;
Not in her wildest freak, or veriest whim,
Had nature dreamed of statesmanship in him;
Nor deemed that e'en in this degenerate age,
A pampered parrakeet could pass a sage.
But since the new régime of bears and bulls,
Of puts and calls, and regulating pulls,
Determines statesmanship a trick of trade,
And buys, for cash, its statesmen ready made;
When such can meet 'neath freedom's vaunted skies,
Nor pay to truth the tribute of disguise,
Corrupt the courts, turn anarchy adrift,
Swear wrong is right, and thieves but men of thrift;
Exalt their tools to power, direct the State,
Call poltroons patriots and pigmies great;
Swing high the party lash, make gold the test,
Drive in the silly dupes—and bribe the rest;
Proclaim each purchased tool a proud success,
Excuse all brothels and lasciviousness;
Excite the mob, inflame with party zeal,
Make some hilarious, make others reel;

Then, for a Lincoln can a Hobart pass,
As sports, when drunk, for racing choose an ass.

But come, my feeble though my trusty quill,
This last and greatest shall thy task fulfill;
One statesman more, one known to greater fame,
Than yet was thine to either know or name.
Yet fail not in the task we now pursue,
Be plain, be truthful, and speak boldly too;
Though such the game the daring actor played,
As needs a stronger and a fiercer blade;
But since 'tis thine, the stern command obey,
Let those who read pass judgment as thy may.

Behold a nation from the womb of time,
In all the fulness of its youthful prime,
All age's wisdom, with all powers of youth,
Securely resting on eternal truth;
A peaceful haven, deemed of heavenly birth,
Whose shores bid welcome to all sons of earth.
Such was this land when first by time unveiled,
When Jackson lived and Lincoln's voice prevailed;
Ere yet this love for gain, this spurious rage,
Engulfed the world, and dimmed its fairest page;

Cunning, trickery and dishonesty are the forces that dominate the modern world. The old doctrine of the survival of the fittest, which was never true, has degenerated into the survival of the most unfit. If Jay Gould and his associates and Jesus Christ were placed side by side in this competitive world, Christ would perish. Under our system it is only the worst that can succeed.—*Rev. Geo. D. Herron*, of Grinnell, Iowa, of the chair of applied Christianity at Iowa College.

Vice-President Hobart organized the great coal trust, one of the most powerful in the world.

While still our laws in equity were made,
Nor measured human life in terms of trade;
While still mankind had hopes, nor hoped in vain,
While honor ruled and truth upheld its reign;
Nor statesmen yet had learned that meanest art,
By which the lips can falsify the heart.
But such is past,—forever passed away,
While statesmen such as now prevail hold sway,
Or lives in memory of a day gone by
When manhood still could place and power defy.
Yet, 'tis not mine to laud those happy days,
Far, far they reach beyond my humble praise;
In Senate halls, on war's red field and wave,
Columbia, thou hast known the great and brave;
And where their hallowed dust in peace reclines
The god of glory there resplendent shines;
There may the nation still its vigils keep,
Nor note discordant mar their final sleep.
But where are now those lofty aims of old?
The sweat-shops on yon fertile plains behold,
Where toiling millions like dumb beasts are driven,
And even virtue's self for bread is given!
O, ye immortals! see your places now
Thus filled by those who meek obedience bow
To Shylock masters: men the world calls great,
Who from their gilded mansions guide the state,
As whim or speculation may direct—
Ah, little they in reveling glee suspect
The threatening clouds that hover overhead,
Or to the crater's brink how near they tread;
But human nature has its ebb and flow,
It like the ocean rages, like it sleeps,

And like tempestuous elements it weeps
Sad tears—and crushes with remorseless blow!

But to my task, to keep the record clear,
Unmoved by hate, nor yet deterred by fear;
Alike unmindful whether foe or friend
Shall deeply censure or in terms commend;
Enough for me to know that truth shall be
Sustained forever by the brave and free;
Let those who stoop for hire to gild a wrong,
Conform their numbers and their notes prolong.
Know, then, Columbia, when you deign once more
To smile on virtues which you prized before;
'Twas thine own trusted son who plumed the dart,
That bred such rank corruption in thy heart;
Yes, fired thy beating pulse to faster flow,
Beneath the deadly drug's designing blow,
And as the opiate draught thy soul oppressed,
You saw, but comprehended not the rest;
But sadly smiled, as 'neath a magic spell,
As England's power prevailed and Sherman fell.
'Twas done! and ancient despotism smiled
As freedom wept beside her favorite child.

Yet, England, boast thou not, in shame be still;
'Twas not great Barclay's deed or Clinton's skill,
The silent tread that scarce a breath had moved,

The late Ben Butterworth:

The history of the world is that when accumulated capital in a country finds expression in controlling and shaping administrations, the dissolutions of the country is near. Such a condition exists in this country to-day, and he is a coward who does not say so, and an ignoramus who does not know it.
—*Extract from Labor Day speech at Philadelphia, 1897.*

More potent far than ships and armies proved.
Boast not; but if you must, let facts be told,
And show where armies failed you won with gold.
Such was the act, so like the gorgeous dyes
That shine and sparkle in a serpent's eyes;
So deep in stealth, so pleasing to its prey,
That even Satan felt some keen dismay
Lest Sherman might e'en him in arts excel,
And form on earth a new and mightier hell.
O thou of evil deeds! supreme in crime,
Stand forth a warning through eternal time;
Such be your meed, as outraged hearts can give,
And thus embalmed in guilt forever live!

Let Arnold sleep, no more disturb his rest,
At least one virtue lived within his breast;
For when his native land he once foreswore,
No step polluted crossed her threshold more.
But thou, foul traitor, of a deeper hue,
Of deed more subtle—and more "devilish too;"
Still from its wreckage do thy fortunes rise,
As icebergs grow from ruins to mountain size.
Can guilt surcease in guilt still deeper find?

Perhaps no man of his generation has been as harmful to the prosperity or the liberties of his country as John Sherman. He entered public life in Washington a poor man, he retires from it extremely rich. Indeed, so greatly have his services been appreciated abroad, that his portrait hangs in the parlor of the Bank of England, an honored monument to one who has been for thirty years the American apostle of the British movement against our currency.

History will give him a niche commensurate with his achievements, and especially the one in 1873, about which the less said the better for obituary purposes. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*"

Can gold congeal the heart and blur the mind?
Can deft magician give the hungry bread;
And famished lips on barren air be fed?
Yet in thy visions thou art doomed to see—
If still one fiber from the taint be free—
A grateful nation, hope exalted high,
On brightest hopes and loyal sons rely;
Such must condemn thy soul with falsehood
 crammed,
And thus the self-condemned is doubly damned.

Blest is that land whose sons but justice find
In those first precepts which imbue the mind,
And who as years advance the laws obey
That nature teaches in her own proud way,
O'er history's burning page their visions cast,
And read the future as they view the past.
Yet once, Columbia, it was thine to prize
Such equal balance of the just and wise,
Men who combined philanthropist and sage,
Who formed a nation and reformed an age.
And thou shalt bloom again, and from thine eyes
The guiding starlight of the world shall rise;
Thou hast an essence that will conquer fate,
And rise triumphant o'er this mortal state:
As towering trees their bloom in autumn lose,
Appear again in all their native hues;
So thou shalt yet assert each glorious part
Which at thy birth was founded in thy heart:
Dark gathering storms may frown, hopes disappear,
Events crowd on with each eventful year;
The high, the low, the powerful and the brave,

Alike shall meet the silence of the grave;
The mighty monuments of man may be
Hurled down like snowflakes in a foaming sea;
Cities that flourish now may pass away,
And all their splendors sink into decay;
Kingdoms may fall in time, and reappear,
But God's eternal truth shall still be here;
Shall still be here, to bless thy noble brow,
When those dark clouds have passed that shade thee
now.

And now farewell, ye councillors of state,
Ye giant pigmies, and ye towering great!
Unbridled still uphold your spurious reign,
Till manhood reasserts its power again;
Till common-sense enthroned resumes its place,
And truth and falsehood run an equal race.
Till then go on, pursue your fell careers,
Unwarned by curses and unmoved by tears;
But this, at least, will all mankind allow:
Time marks her changes on the haughtiest brow,
And world-wide wonders in supremest power,
But prove their weakness in their mightiest hour.
E'en as the darkness of the reign of night
Is more intense before the dawn of light;
And as the leaf, when dying, spreads to view
Its rarest splendors and its gaudiest hue;
So may we judge of man; so shall it be
With all earth's pomp and power and heraldry;
In fame-lit zenith of emblazoned show,
One leveling blast at length will lay them low.
But cease, my pen, pursue this task no more,

'Tis idle to impale, 'tis worse to implore;
Not all the ink of India's flowery bed,
Could truth instil in hearts whose souls have fled;
Their day will run its course, their sun will set—
And stars of glory shall be glorious yet!





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